fathers tenant this foreſcore---

Gloſt. Away, get thee away, good friend be gon,
Thy comforts can doe me no good at all,
Thee they may hurt.

Old man. Alack ſir, you cannot ſee your way.

Gloſt. I haue no way, and therefore want no eyes,
I ſtumbled when I ſaw, full oft tis ſeene
Our meanes ſecure vs, and our meare defects
Proue our comodities, ah deere ſonne *Edgar*,
The food of thy abuſed fathers wrath,
Might I but liue to ſee thee in my tuch,
Id'e ſay I had eyes againe.

Old man. How now whoſe there?

Edg. O Gods, who iſt can ſay I am at the worſt,
I am worſe then ere I was.

Old man. Tis poore mad *Tom*.

Edg. And worſe I may be yet, the worſt is not,
As long as we can ſay, this is the worſt.

Old man. Fellow where goeſt?

Gloſt. Is it a begger man?

Old man. Mad man, and begger to.

Gloſt. A has ſome reaſon, elſe he could not beg,
In the laſt nights ſtorme I ſuch a fellow ſaw,
Which made me thinke a man a worme, my ſonne
Came then into my mind, and yet my mind (ſince,
Was then ſcarce friendes with him, I haue heard more
As flies are toth' wanton boyes, are we toth' Gods,
They bitt vs for their ſport.

Edg. How ſhould this be, bad is the trade that muſt play the foole to ſorrow angring it ſelfe and others, bleſſe thee maiſter.

Gloſt. Is that the naked fellow?

Old man. I my Lord.

Gloſt. Then prethee get thee gon, if for my ſake
Thou wilt oretake vs here a mile or twaine
Ith' way toward Douer, doe it for ancient loue
And bring ſome couering for this naked ſoule
Who Ile intreate to leade me.

Old man. Alack ſir he is mad.

Gloſt.

Gloſt. Tis, the times plague, when madmen lead the blind,
Doe as I bid thee, or rather doe thy pleaſure,
Aboue the reſt, be gon.

Old man. Ile bring him the beſt parrell that I haue
Come on't what will.

Gloſt. Sirrah naked fellow.

Edg. Poore *Toms* a cold, I cannot dance it farther.

Gloſt. Come hither fellow.

Edg. Bleſſe thy ſweete eyes, they bleed.

Gloſt. Knowſt thou the way to Douer?

Edg. Both ſtile and gate, horſe-way, and foot-path,
Poore *Tom* hath beene ſcard out of his good wits,
Bleſſe the good man from the foule fiend,
Fiue fiends haue beene in poore *Tom* at once,
Of luſt, as *Obidicut*, *Hobbididence* Prince of dumbnes,
Mahu of ſtealing, *Modo* of murder, *Stiberdigebit* of
Mobing, & *Mobing* who ſince poſſeſſes chambermaids
And waiting women, ſo, bleſſe thee maiſter. (plagues.

Gloſt. Here take this purſe, thou whome the heauens
Haue humbled to all ſtrokes, that I am wretched, makes
The happier, heauens deale ſo ſtill, (thee
Let the ſuperfluous and luſt-dieted man
That ſtands your ordinance, that will not ſee
Becauſe he does not feele, feele your power quickly,
So diſtribution ſhould vnder exceſſe,
And each man haue enough, doſt thou know Douer?

Edg. I maſter.

Gloſt. There is a cliffe whoſe high & bending head
Lookes firmely in the confined deepe,
Bring me but to the very brimme of it
And ile repaire the miſery thou doſt beare
With ſomething rich about me,
From that place I ſhal no leading need.

Edg. Giue me thy arme, poore *Tom* ſhall lead thee.

Enter Gonorill and Baſtard.

Gon. Welcome my Lord, I maruaile our mild huſband
Not met vs on the way, now wher's your maiſter?

Enter Steward.

Stew.